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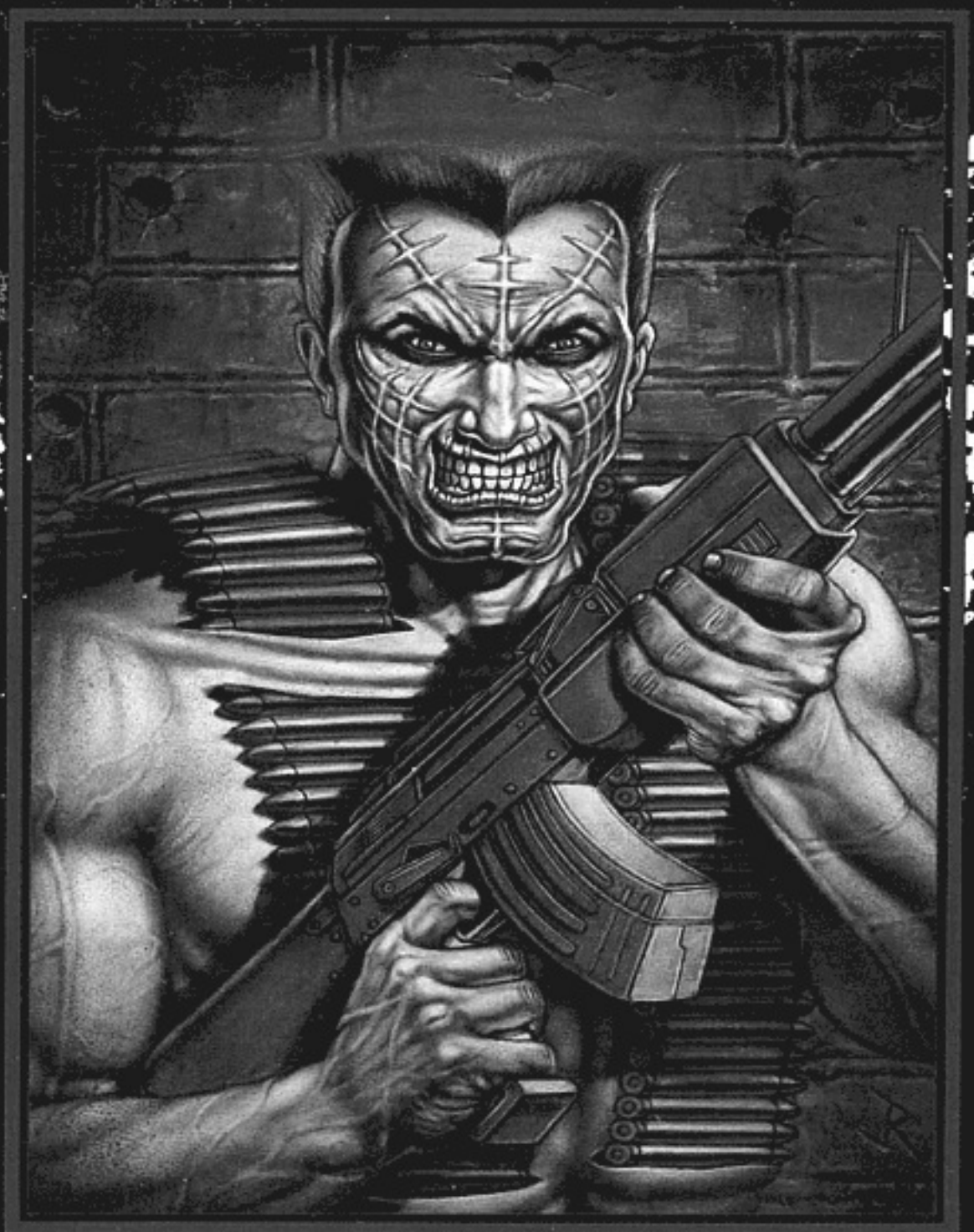
CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™



HOT FUN IN THE SUMMER TIME

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foreword
D.G. Chichester

Of Love, Cats, and Curiosity
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Ricardo Villagran
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Jon Babcock
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Devil's Brigade Part Fifteen: The Kold Red
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Devil's Brigade Part Sixteen: The Cenobite Always Rings Twice
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CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER™ Book 15
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FOREWORD

Did I promise more mail, or did I promise more mail? For those of you who, for some unforgivable reason (like there's forgiveness in Hell!) missed last issue, I did promise. Why should I work when you can do it for me, gentle reader?

I'm not just a fan, I feel more like a member of your hellish brigade. Hellraiser enables me to leave this trivial world of aggravation and enter my own hell. My private hell allows me to use my pain and enjoy the sweet suffering. Each issue warps and alters my sense of suffering. The result is a new mutation. A new and different perception of hell. My pain is my reward.

— Gregory A. Williams

Gregory, what can we say? Letters like yours make it all worthwhile.

I am suffering beyond even Leviathan's expectations. I work full time during the day, and attend college at night and on weekends. It is extremely difficult to go to the comic book store, and this store as well as others just won't chain anything down for me. I would be able to endure the sweet suffering of waiting for your books if you could find a postal box somewhere in Hell to mail them to me directly along with a small note of what the future holds for yourselves and Clive Barker.

— George J. Mangos

I suppose you want a real answer, hmm, George? All right, just this once! We can mail some things by subscription, notably Nightbreed — see the coupon in most marvel comics. Some specialty items, such as Graphitti Designs' limited edition HELLRAISER volumes, can be ordered from those good folks. Other aberrations — this publication, or the upcoming HELLRAISER SUMMER SPECIAL aren't offered by us directly, but any comic mail order outfit will gladly send you off a package; check the Comic Buyer's Guide ads. Finally, keep an eye on this space, editor McLaurin's afterword and the NIGHTBREED letter column for what's new and nasty in the world of Mr. Barker via Epic.

We now turn from pages without to those within this very issue — tales of the furry and the furious. An old woman makes a deal with our devils to wreak vengeance on the man who tortured her precious felines in writer James Moore's "Of Love, Cats, and Curiosity;" the talented Ricardo Villagran turns words into pictures. A fire-and-brimstone firefight is the core of "The Kold Red" ad the Cenobite Atkins mops up another assignment of The Devil's Brigade; Erik Saltzgaber is behind the keyboard, Mike Vosburg behind the brush. And in a story that could have been called something other than "The Cenobite Always Rings Twice" (but we called it that anyway), Hell's favorite pin-headed son pulls the strings and the flesh that may bring an unstoppable plague down on humanity; it's Dwayne McDuffie and I writing, Bruce Jones on the art.

Enough a' my yakkin'. Let's rot and roll.

Dan Chichester
consulting editor

James Moore
writer
Ricaro Villagran
artist
John Babcock
Letterer

OF LOVE, CATS AND CURIOSITY

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 1992 10:04 P.M.

My Mother used to say that the rains were caused by Angels...

...That every Angel up in Heaven would cry a thousand tears for the loss of a single soul to the minions of Satan.

If that's true, tonight they cry for me.

It was raining that night too. The night that I killed Thomas Merriwether... Hardly seems a month at all.

SEBASTIAN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I JUST GAVE YOU TO THOSE SWEET PEOPLE, THE GRAHAMS, ACROSS THE STREET.

YOU SHOULD BE AT YOUR NEW HOME, ACROSS THE STREET NOT WITH ME. I'LL MISS YOU THO', AFTER TONIGHT.

MREEOW?

WILL YOU MISS ME AS WELL? HMMM?

WHAT DID YOU SEE THAT NIGHT, MY LITTLE ONE? DID YOU SEE HIS DEATH? I HOPE IT WAS NOTHING TOO FRIGHTENING FOR YOU.

But at least I know that wretch got what he deserved... lying and acting the good neighbor for all those years...

HMM, SEBASTIAN ISN'T IT? COME TO FIND YOUR MOTHER? WELL, WAIT WHILE I GET MY KNIVES, AND I'LL SEND YOU TO HER.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8TH, 1992 11:55 P.M.
COME, MY LITTLE LOVE, LET'S TAKE YOU TO YOUR MOTHER...
THOMAS MERRIWETHER? YOU'VE BEEN BAD, WE KNOW WHAT YOU DID. IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO KNOW THE MEANING OF YOUR DEEDS. THE TIME HAS COME FOR RETRIBUTION.
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?! GET OUT, BEFORE I CALL THE POL--
IIAARRGH!
RRRRRRRRRR
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 1992 10:27 P.M.
OH, SEBASTIAN. I WISH YOU HADN'T HAD TO SEE ANYTHING THAT NIGHT. I-- I ALMOST WISH I'D NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT THAT AWFUL LITTLE MAN WAS UP TO...

I WONDER WHAT I'D HAVE DONE DIFFERENTLY, IF THE POLICE HAD BELIEVED ME.
I JUST COULDN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH WHAT HE WAS DOING. I WENT TO THE ATTIC, I GOT THE BOX...
FRIDAY, JULY 12TH, 1951 5:35 P.M. OVER FORTY YEARS AGO.
WHAT ON EARTH IS IT, GEORGE?
IT'S CALLED A "LEMARCHAND BOX," MY DEAR. POSSIBLY THE FINEST WORK OF ART EVER CREATED.
AND THE REAL JOY OF THIS PIECE THAT IT'S A PUZZLE.
YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE PUZZLES, I'M GOING TO SOLVE THIS ONE, AND SHOW THE FINISHED RESULTS TO STAN O'BRIGHT. HE DOESN'T BELIEVE THAT ANYONE CAN SOLVE THE BEAST, MOSTLY BECAUSE HE COULDN'T.
WE'VE A GENTLEMAN'S BET THAT I CAN'T FINISH IT BY TOMORROW NIGHT. IF I WIN, HE SAID I CAN KEEP THE PUZZLE.
FRIDAY, JULY 12TH, 1951 9:32 P.M.
IIIEEEAAAG
GEORGE? GEORGE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
"I knew the answer before I even asked the question. The box had done something to George...
GEORGE! I'M COMING!
GEORGE?

"The room felt wrong, it was bitterly cold and humid. I knew that the box was to blame; that it had taken my George away from me.

"I also knew that George was not always as decent a man as he pretended to be for my benefit. He drank too much, he gambled more often than not, and I suspected that he was not always faithful in his wedding vows to me.

"I knew that I'd waited far too long to turn him back towards the path of God. George had opened the gates of Hell.

OH, MY POOR, SWEET GEORGE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF? I PROMISE YOU THAT IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN TO ANYONE ELSE...

"... I'll hide the box away, where no one shall ever find it. I fear no one else could possibly be trusted." And then I said goodbye to my one love. But now I fear even I could not be trusted.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 1992 11:03 P.M.

WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, GEORGE? HE DESERVED HELL. HOW FOOLISH OF ME, TO THINK THEY'D ONLY WANT THE GUILTY; TO FORGET ONE SHOULD NEVER MAKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL.

KRA-KOOM!

I DON'T BELIEVE HOW JUMPY I AM, SEBASTIAN.

OH!

IT'S JUST THE STORM, I'VE EASILY ANOTHER HOUR BEFORE THEY SHOW--

--OWW!

OH, NOW I'VE CUT MYSELF ON THE THING! AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY.
Here's hoping they don't mind damaged goods. I never did ask...
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1992. 10:34 P.M.
OH, DEAR. WHAT HAVE I DONE, NOW?
WHAT YOU WERE ATTEMPTING TO DO.
YOU HAVE SUMMONED US. YOU HAVE CALLED AND WE HAVE COME.
COME, ALMA, IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO.
IT IS TIME FOR US TO TEACH YOU THE WAYS OF...
N-NO! WAIT! THIS ISN'T WHAT I'D EXPECTED! I THOUGHT THE PUZZLE WOULD HELP ME GET REVENGE, FOR ALICE.
WHO TOLD YOU THAT WE WERE INSTRUMENTS OF REVENGE? WHO PRESUMES TO MAKE US SLAVES TO THE WHIMS OF MERE FLESH? SPEAK, WOMAN!
I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO KNOW.
THE M-MAN NEXT DOOR, THOMAS MERRIWETHER.
HE'S A HORRIBLE MAN. HE TORTURES LITTLE CATS TO DEATH. TAKE HIM TO HELL, THAT'S WHERE HE BELONGS!
HE WOULD BE USEFUL TO US, BUT HE IS NOT HERE. YOU ARE.
LOOK AT THESE PICTURES, I HAVE PROOF! OH, PLEASE. I NEVER MEANT FOR YOU TO SHOW UP HERE.
I JUST WANT MY LITTLE ALICE AVENGED.

WAIT. WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE, THEN, WOMAN? THAT WE TAKE THOMAS MERRIWETHER IN YOUR PLACE?
I-I AM NOT READY TO DIE. PLEASE, WHAT PLEASURE COULD THE LIKES OF YOU FIND IN AN OLD WOMAN LIKE ME?
WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE THEN, ALMA PRITCHARD? THE EXCHANGE OF ONE LIFE FOR ANOTHER? THE EXCHANGE MAY BE INEQUITABLE.
WHAT HAVE WE TO GAIN FROM SUCH A BARGAIN?
PERHAPS YOU FEAR THE WONDERS WE HAVE TO SHOW YOU. PERHAPS YOU NEED A DEMONSTRATION IN THE WONDERS OF SCULPTING FLESH.
NO! WAIT!
CAN I PROPOSE A BARGAIN?
WHY CAN'T YOU JUST TAKE THOMAS MERRIWETHER? HE'S LIKE YOU. HE ENJOYS SCULPTING FLESH! I-I COULDN'T BE THAT WAY.
AGE IS OF NO IMPORTANCE TO US. WE CARE NOT ABOUT YOUR THOMAS MERRIWETHER, OR HIS "SINS." WE CARE ONLY FOR THE FLESH AND THE ART WITH WHICH WE SHAPE IT.
WE GROW WEARY OF THIS GAME. COME, ALMA PRITCHARD, IT IS TIME TO GO. WE HAVE MUCH TO TEACH YOU.
TAKE HIM, I'LL EVEN HELP YOU TAKE HIM! PLEASE...
...I'M JUST AN OLD WOMAN, WHAT USE COULD YOU HAVE FOR THE LIKES OF ME?

PLEASE! AT LEAST GIVE ME TIME! A FEW YEARS AND THEN I'LL BE YOURS! AT LEAST LET ME KNOW THAT HE'S GONE AND LET ME SAVOR MY REVENGE...
TWO YEARS ARE NOT ACCEPTABLE. WE WILL GIVE YOU ONE CYCLE OF THE MOON, THIRTY DAYS. DO YOU AGREE TO THIS OF YOUR OWN WILL?
YES! YES--
THEN SIMPLY PLACE THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION BEFORE THOMAS MERRIWETHER TONIGHT.
ONE MONTH AFTER WE HAVE TAKEN YOUR REVENGE FOR YOU, SHALL YOU INVITE US BACK FOR YOU?
WILL YOU CALL US BACK IN ONE MONTH?
YES, ANYTHING! JUST, PLEASE, LET ME HAVE MY REVENGE.
THEN IT IS AGREED. TONIGHT WE TAKE YOUR ENEMY. HE HAS POTENTIAL, AND YOU HAVE THE MEANS TO GIVE HIM TO US. IN ONE MONTH WE TAKE YOU. TIME ENOUGH TO MULL THE PRICE OF YOUR REVENGE.
IN FACING THE TRUTH, YOU WILL SUFFER MUCH, IN YOUR LAST MONTH; A PROPER INTRODUCTION TO OUR GIFTS.
DO NOT ATTEMPT TO CHEAT US, ALMA PRITCHARD.
OH SWEET JESUS. WHAT HAVE I DONE TO MYSELF? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10TH, 1992 11:55 P.M.
A deal with the Devil. I've gotten myself a ticket to Hell.
I got myself a month's reprieve from damnation, and saw to it that Thomas — may his soul never know a moment's rest — Merriwether never killed another innocent animal.
I should have done the whole thing earlier, if I'd known what the bastard was up to.
WELL MET, ALMA PRITCHARD. IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO. ARE YOU PREPARED?
AS MUCH AS I EVER WILL BE.
It was raining that night too. Rain, twice in one month. Southern California may never be the same. I imagine meteorologists are all having heart attacks about now. One month already...
WE'VE SO MANY THINGS TO SHOW YOU, ALMA. SO MANY WONDROUS SIGHTS FOR YOU TO SEE. I ALMOST ENVY YOU. HELL HAS SO MANY WONDERS FOR ITS NEWCOMERS...
Hardly seems a month at all. Chin up, you silly old goose. If a month can go by so quickly, how bad can eternity be?

THE END

MP

PEOPLE WITH AIDS?
SELFISH, SICK INDIVIDUALS. SICK AS IN TWISTED.
THEY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVE.
THEY WOULDN'T BE SICK AT ALL -- SICK AS IN ILL -- IF THEY KEPT THEIR PARTS WHERE THEY BELONG.

IN HELL, HE IS HIGH PRIEST, CHAMPION OF FASCIST ORDER.
D.G. Chichester
Dwayne McDuffie
writers
Bruce Jones
artist
Richard Starkings
Letterer
IN GERMANY, HE IS AN IMITATION DOCTOR MORRIS DILLIARD, MASQUERADER BENEATH A FLESHY RIND.
SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE TWO, THE CENOBITE-DEMON HOLDS THE FATE OF THE DREAD ABYSS IN HIS BEYOND-DEATH HANDS.
THE CENOBITE
ALWAYS RINGS TWICE
THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE
PART 15

KNOK KNOK
MORRIS, COME ON--A WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION CONFERENCE WAITS FOR NO MAN!
JUST A MOMENT, DARLING -- LET ME PUT MY FACE ON.
THAT'S A WOMAN'S EXCUSE.
STILL WORTH IT WHERE I AM CONCERNED -- TRUST ME, MS. GIOELI, I CAN LOOK A FRIGHT.
THOUGH I PALE IN COMPARISON TO WHAT YOU HAVE MANAGED WITH THIS SUITE.
THIS MESS. THIS... CHAOS.
SORRY. BUSY PUTTING THIS AIDS PRESENTATION TOGETHER FOR W.H.O, REMEMBER?
LET'S SEE YOU DO WHAT I'VE BEEN INTO AND STILL KEEP EVERYTHING ELSE IN ORDER!
Oh, YOU TEASE.
DIABOLIC THOUGHTS YEARN TO STRAIGHTEN, TO STRUCTURE --
--EVEN AS THE GREATER FORCES WHICH GOVERN SUCH THINGS THUNDER TO A CROSSROADS CALLED THE TIME OF CONFIGURATION.
-- THANK THE PEOPLE OF FRANKFURT FOR HOSTING THIS IMPORTANT CONFERENCE!
HELL'S FORCES, A LITERAL DEVIL'S BRIGADE OF FIVE CENOBITES MARCHING FORTH TO MAINTAIN PRECIOUS, BLESSED SYMMETRY.
AND MANKIND -- SIX OF WEAK AND MALLEABLE FLESH -- THE UNWITTING HARBINGERS OF WHAT COULD BE THE ASCENSION OF BLASPHEMOUS ANARCHY.
LET ME EXTEND MY WARMEST WELCOME TO ALL OF YOU --
--AS WELL AS EARNEST WISHES FOR A SPIRIT OF HARMONY AND CO-OPERATION IN OUR CONTINUING MISSION ON BEHALF OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH.
AIDS

I SAID THAT GIOELI BITCH CAN DROP DEAD FOR ALL I CARE!
DOCTOR BURNICH!
STEALS MY AIDS RESEARCH, TRIES TO PASS IT OFF AS HER OWN!
UPSTART WENCH HASN'T GOT A CLUE WHO SHE'S DEALING WITH!
DOCTOR BURNICH, THIS IS NO WAY TO DISCUSS A COLLEAGUE'S WORK...
... ESPECIALLY IN PUBLIC, ROGER!
DON'T SOFT-PEDAL ME, LORRI! YOUR POSITION ON THE REVIEW BOARD DOESN'T MAKE YOU AS OBJECTIVE AS YOU MIGHT LIKE TO THINK!
THAT BLOWHARD SON OF A BITCH! HE'S TRYING TO DISCREDIT ME BEFORE THE SHOW EVEN STARTS!
NOW, DO NOT BE RASH...
CASEY GIOELI, OF COURSE, IS ONE OF THE NEXUSES THE CENOBITES SEEK.
HER DARING WORK IN SEARCH OF THE CURE TO A DEADLY VIRUS DESTINED TO BE EITHER A UNIFORM SUCCESS--
A BIT SELF-SERVING, DON'T YOU THINK, "DOCTOR"-- THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN OPEN FORUM!
ROGER, DOCTOR GIOELI, LET'S NOT MAKE THIS A SCENE ... MORE OF A SCENE...
Ah, THE THIEF COMES OUT OF THE NIGHT!
--OR A DISORDERLY FAILURE, RELEASING INSTEAD A NEW AND DERANGED PLAGUE.
GUIDING THE DOCTOR TO HER MIRACLE REMEDY IS THE DEMON'S HOLY GRAIL.
WELL, YOUNG LADY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOUR PLAGIARISM?
IT'S "DOCTOR GIOELI," NOT "YOUNG LADY"--AND I SAY YOU SEEM A HELL OF A LOT MORE CONCERNED WITH POTENTIAL ACCOLADES THAN POTENTIAL LIVES SAVED!
FINE, YOU BOTH WANT TO SLING MUD?
THEN BOTH PAPERS ARE PULLED FOR OFFICIAL PRESENTATION, PENDING A BOARD REVIEW OF THEIR RESPECTIVE LINES OF RESEARCH!
I HAVE TO JUSTIFY MYSELF? TO YOU? LORRI, WE HAVE A PAST, I DEMAND --
FAVORITISM, ROGER?
HER NONFULFILLMENT WOULD BE A DAMNATION EVEN A CENOBITE COULD NOT BEAR.
WHAT A DELIGHTFUL CONCEPT...
IRONY IS A WICKED AND MACABRE THING ... AS IS HELL'S FAVORITE SON...

MY GRAND-BABY IS DEAD. 22 YEARS OLD AND A JUNKIE. THE "WAR ON DRUGS" PUT HIM IN JAIL.
WHERE HE SHARED A NEEDLE AND GOT AIDS. I WONDER WHO ELSE HE SHARED WITH.
I WONDER WHO ELSE HE SLEPT WITH.
I WONDER WHY NOBODY CARES...
I ADMIRE YOUR FORM...
WH-WHAT? WHO?
WITH THE WEIGHTS.
DOCTOR DILLIARD.
THE CONCIERGE TOLD ME YOU WOULD BE DOWN HERE -- I THOUGHT WE MIGHT TALK.
ABOUT DOCTORS GIOELI AND BURNICH? THAT WOULD BE EX PARTE.

NO MORE SO THAN WHATEVER IS GOING ON BETWEEN YOU AND DOCTOR BURNICH.
THAT'S... PERSONAL. LOOK, I STILL HAVE ANOTHER SET --
LET ME HELP.
I ADMIT TO A PERSONAL INTEREST AS WELL, WITH DOCTOR GIOELI -- CASEY.
OUR... RELATIONSHIP... HAS HELPED HER FIND A PASSION FOR HER WORK. INTENSIFIED HER COMMITMENT TO FINDING A CURE.
SHE NEEDS TO FOLLOW THAT THROUGH. I NEED IT, TOO.
Uggh -- IT'S TOO MUCH WEIGHT, I CAN'T --
YES, YOU CAN -- LET ME SPOT YOU. "NO PAIN, NO GAIN," Hmm?
ROGER NEEDS IT TOO, DOCTOR -- IF FOR DIFFERENT REASONS. I KNOW -- WE KNOW, KNEW EACH OTHER.
THERE WAS AN AFFAIR?
CAREER OPPORTUNITIES FOR ME THAT FORCED ME TO LEAVE AND --
-- IT WAS HARD FOR HIM. SO MUCH IS -- BENEATH HIS BRAVADO, HE'S VERY INSECURE.
HE NEEDS THE ATTENTION, THE PERSONAL CREDIT... I'M HOPING THE REVIEW CAN PROVE INDEPENDENT AVENUES AND GIVE THEM BOTH WHAT THEY WANT!
HOW'S THE WEIGHT?
TOO MUCH -- FEELS LIKE YOU'RE SUPPORTING AT LEAST NINETY PER CENT OF IT!
WHAT ARE -- NO!
NOT ANY MORE.

THE SUFFERING...
KRAAK
KNOK KNOK KNOK
I'M COMING, JESUS, GIVE IT A REST ALREADY!
LORRI... WELL, WELL.
COME TO APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR "HOLIER-THAN-THOU" ROUTINE THIS MORNING?
NOT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS MORNING, ROGER -- FOR FIVE YEARS AGO.
AND BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY I'VE NEVER MEANT TO BE HOLIER THAN ANYTHING.
THAT'S IT? THAT'S WORTH WAKING ME OUT OF A SOUND --
I WILL MAKE IT WORTH IT, ROGER -- THERE'S SO MUCH TO MAKE UP FOR.
I KNOW WHAT THIS MUST BE DOING TO YOU, ADDING TO WHAT YOUR HANDICAPPED ARM ALREADY DOES.
--MAKING YOU FEEL LIKE LESS THAN A WHOLE MAN.
I KNOW HOW YOU OVERCOMPENSATE WITH EGO AND ARROGANCE.
WHAT ELSE DO YOU KNOW?
I KNOW YOU DESERVE THE CONFERENCE'S CONGRATULATIONS AND RECOGNITION FOR ALL YOUR HARD WORK.
A TASTE OF THAT WOULD BE WORTH ALMOST ANYTHING, Hmm?
YES...

--LOOKING AT THE HIV VIRUS IN ACTION AS IT PREPARES TO INFECT A HUMAN CELL --

IT'S ANOTHER INFECTION AT WORK THAT FILLS THE CENOBITE'S SOULLESS EYES.

AN AFRICAN WHITE SUPREMACIST NAMED DECOURCY.
A TROUBLED PRIEST CALLED ABADDON.
DEAR, SWEET GIOELI.
AN INNER CITY ACTIVIST ANSWERING TO SHABEL.
AND BEAT COPS ELLIOT AND GEORGE.
THEIR THREAT OF DISHARMONY ENCROACHING UPON THE TERRIBLE POWER OF THE DARK GOD LEVIATHAN.

FROM WITHIN, IT ACTIVATES ITS OWN IMMUNE SYSTEM, THE VASA INIQUITATIS --
--THE VESSELS OF ANGER AND THE INVENTORS OF THE WICKED ARTS.
THE NAMELESS ONE, PIN-LIKE PIERCINGS RINGING HIS HEAD IN AN INFERNAL HALO.
THE ARMORER ATKINS.
A WARRIOR INVOKED AS ABIGOR.
BALBERITH, LIBRARIAN TO THE GRAND GRIMOIRES.
A THESPIAN PLAYING THE PART OF FACE.

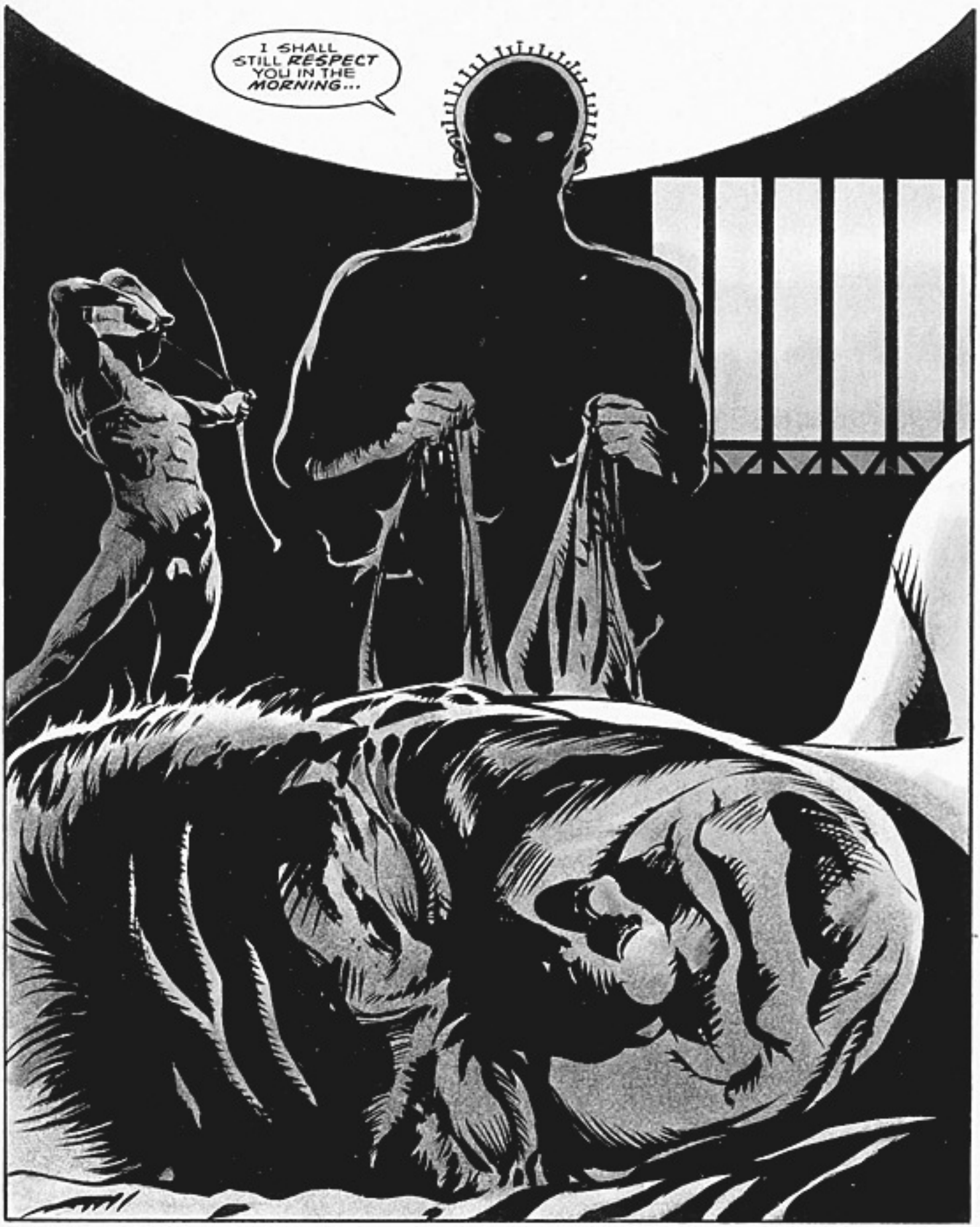
EACH RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS OR HER CHARGE.
EACH HAVING TO ANSWER FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE MISFORTUNES --
--AND MASTER STROKES.
I OVER-REACT, DOCTOR -- IT'S THE WAY I AM!
ALL I CAN DO IS APOLOGIZE ... AND SUGGEST WE SIT DOWN TO AN OPEN EXCHANGE OF MATERIALS AT DINNER!
ONE ON ONE?
ABSOLUTELY! LET'S WORK OUT OUR DIFFERENCES AS PROFESSIONALS WITHOUT DRAGGING IN OFFICIALS -- THEY'LL BLOW THINGS OUT OF PROPORTION AND WE'LL GET NOTHING DONE!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, MORRIS?
IT CERTAINLY SPEAKS OF A CERTAIN LOGIC...
"... WHY NOT SET SOMETHING UP WITH HIM TONIGHT?"
FRANKFURT CAFE
THREE HOURS LATE IS THREE TOO LONG! IF "DOCTOR" BURNICH EVER BOTHERS TO SHOW, WAITER, TELL HIM TO GO SCREW HIMSELF!
HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO STUPID TO THINK THAT ASSHOLE WOULD WANT TO WORK OUT ANYTHING?

THIS ON? SHOULD I TALK NOW? 'KAY.
SO WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? PEOPLE ARE SICK WITH THIS AIDS OR WHATEVER, SEND 'EM TO A DOC AND MAKE 'EM BETTER!
RIGHT? Huh?
IT DON'T SEEM SO TOUGH TO FIGURE OUT TO ME...
LET GO LET GO OF ME LET
GAAAGH

MMLLF
WHO ARE -- WHAT DO YOU -- THAT'S MINE, LEAVE IT --
SLITHT
--LEAVE IT!
UGGH!
THRAK
SO MUCH FOR OUR DIFFERENCES...
TELL ME AGAIN, ROGER.
DID YOU HURT HER?
HURT HER LIKE SHE HURT YOU?
WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

IT EXCITES ME.
YES -- GOD, THAT'S EXQUISITE -- I HURT HER!
LIKE SHE HURT YOU.
NOT ANY MORE -- UNNH -- NEVER AGAIN!
SHE'S GOT NOTHING NOW -- UNNGH -- TO BACK UP HER CASE!
NO, DARLING, NOW YOU HAVE IT ALL.
ENJOY IT WHILE YOU CAN...
THEY RUT AMONG TANGLED SHEETS, STAINING POACHED AND SCATTERED RESEARCH PAPERS WITH SWEAT AND SEMEN.
SATED, HE RESTS. SEDUCTIVE FINGERS TRACE HIS TEMPLES WITH RHYTHMIC PATTERNS.

UNLOCKING FEVERED MIND PUZZLES DEEP INSIDE.
RIGHTEOUS VINDICATION.
LOOK WHAT WE HAVE MANAGED WITH THIS SUITE.
THIS MESS.
THIS... CHAOS.
SHRIIP
NEVER FEEL LESS THAN A MAN, ROGER BURNICH -- YOUR SEXUAL PROWESS IS MOST SATISFACTORY.
TRY NOT TO TAKE THIS MIDNIGHT DEPARTURE PERSONALLY, LOVER.


I SHALL STILL RESPECT YOU IN THE MORNING...

"... THOUGH IT IS CERTAIN THAT OTHERS WILL NOT."
"LORRI... Mmm..."
... I'VE BEEN THINKING...
... ONCE WE GO OVER GIOELI'S NOTES, EVEN IF HER WORK'S LEGITIMATE, I STILL WANT TO BURY HER!
TEACH HER A LESSON.
HAND ME THAT STACK OVER THERE, I WANT TO--
--WHAT'S THIS SHIT ALL OVER--?
LORRI..?
"AND THAT IS HOW THEY FOUND HIM -- SCREAMING?"
"WHAT IT SAYS HERE..."

...UNDER PRESSURE DOCTOR, STOLEN RESEARCH NOTES, JEALOUSY AND HATRED OVER AN EX-LOVER --
JEALOUSY, MURDER, PLAGUE W.H.O.
Munich, Germany (AP)-

--ALL THE MAKINGS OF A SCANDAL!
AND ALL I NEED TO BE DERAILED!

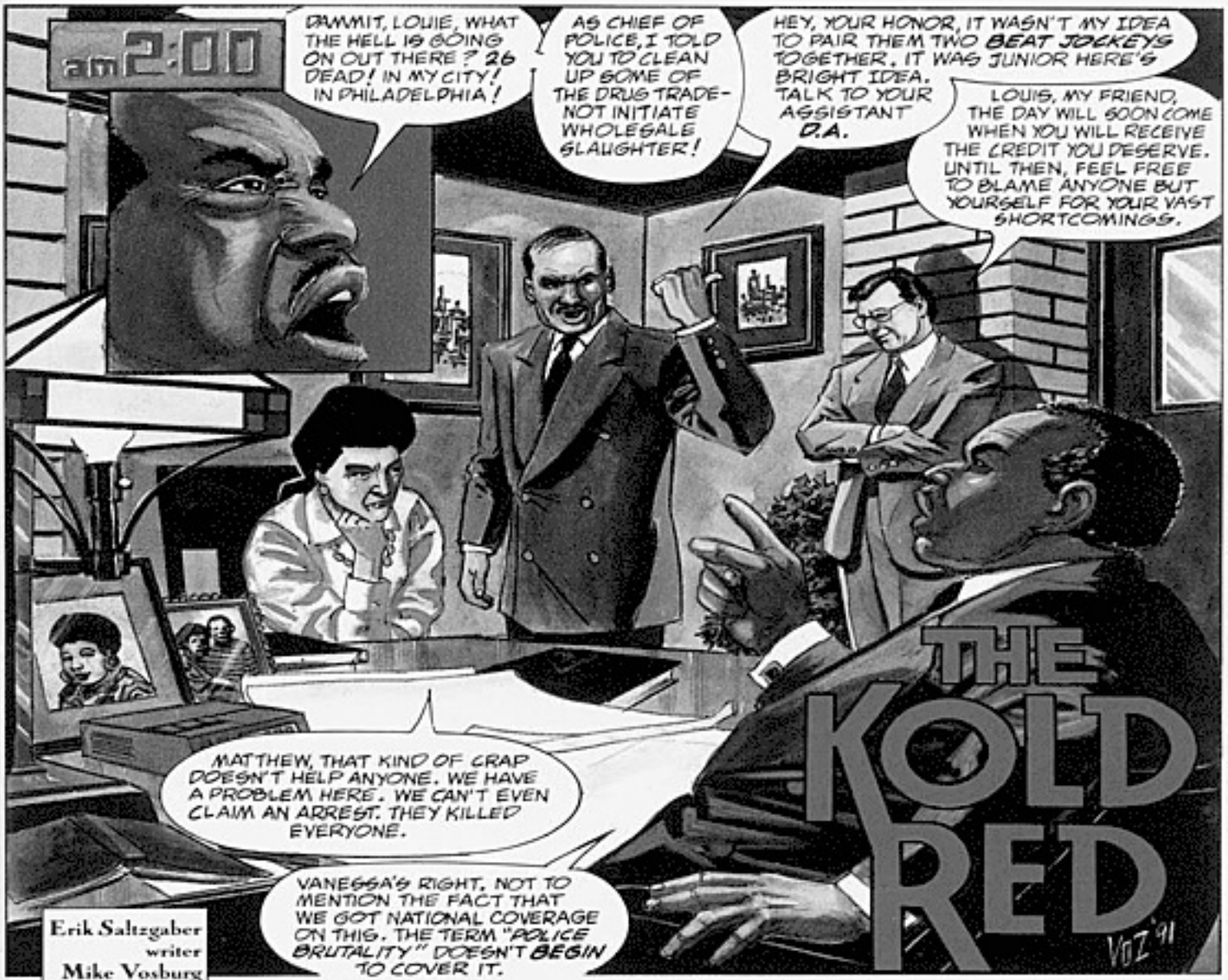
THE NEW REVIEW HEAD'S PUT AN INDEFINITE STOP TO ALL FURTHER WORK ALONG THE LINES ME AND BURNICH WERE ONTO!
WITHOUT W.H.O BACKING, ANY FURTHER PROGRESS IS MOOT -- THERE WON'T BE ANY OFFICIAL APPROVALS OR DISTRIBUTION EVEN IF I GET THE VACCINE TO WORK!

I SUPPOSE SOMEONE GOT WHAT HE WANTED -- BURNICH HAS HIS FAME, ALBEIT AS A MURDERER INSTEAD OF A RESEARCHER.
THAT'S AWFULLY FLIP!
I PREFER TO THINK PRECISE.

YOU CAN HAVE WHAT YOU WANT, TOO, LOVER.
HOW?
DECIDE WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT -- A BUREAUCRACY'S TRAPPINGS, OR THE RESULTS YOUR WORK CAN ACHIEVE IN AS MANY HANDS AS POSSIBLE.

A TASTE OF THAT WOULD BE WORTH ALMOST ANYTHING. Hmm?
YES... DECIDE...

THE END


am 2:00
DAMMIT, LOUIE, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE? 26 DEAD! IN MY CITY! IN PHILADELPHIA!
AS CHIEF OF POLICE, I TOLD YOU TO CLEAN UP SOME OF THE DRUG TRADE- NOT INITIATE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER!
HEY, YOUR HONOR, IT WASN'T MY IDEA TO PAIR THEM TWO BEAT JOCKEYS TOGETHER. IT WAS JUNIOR HERE'S BRIGHT IDEA. TALK TO YOUR ASSISTANT D.A.
LOUIS, MY FRIEND, THE DAY WILL SOON COME WHEN YOU WILL RECEIVE THE CREDIT YOU DESERVE. UNTIL THEN, FEEL FREE TO BLAME ANYONE BUT YOURSELF FOR YOUR VAST SHORTCOMINGS.
THE KOLD RED
VOZ '91
MATTHEW, THAT KIND OF CRAP DOESN'T HELP ANYONE. WE HAVE A PROBLEM HERE. WE CAN'T EVEN CLAIM AN ARREST. THEY KILLED EVERYONE.
VANESSA'S RIGHT, NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT WE GOT NATIONAL COVERAGE ON THIS. THE TERM "POLICE BRUTALITY" DOESN'T BEGIN TO COVER IT.
Erik Saltzgaber writer
Mike Vosburg artist
Gaspar letterer
SAME THING YOU BOZOS HAVE BEEN DOING FOR YEARS: LET ME HANDLE IT.
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

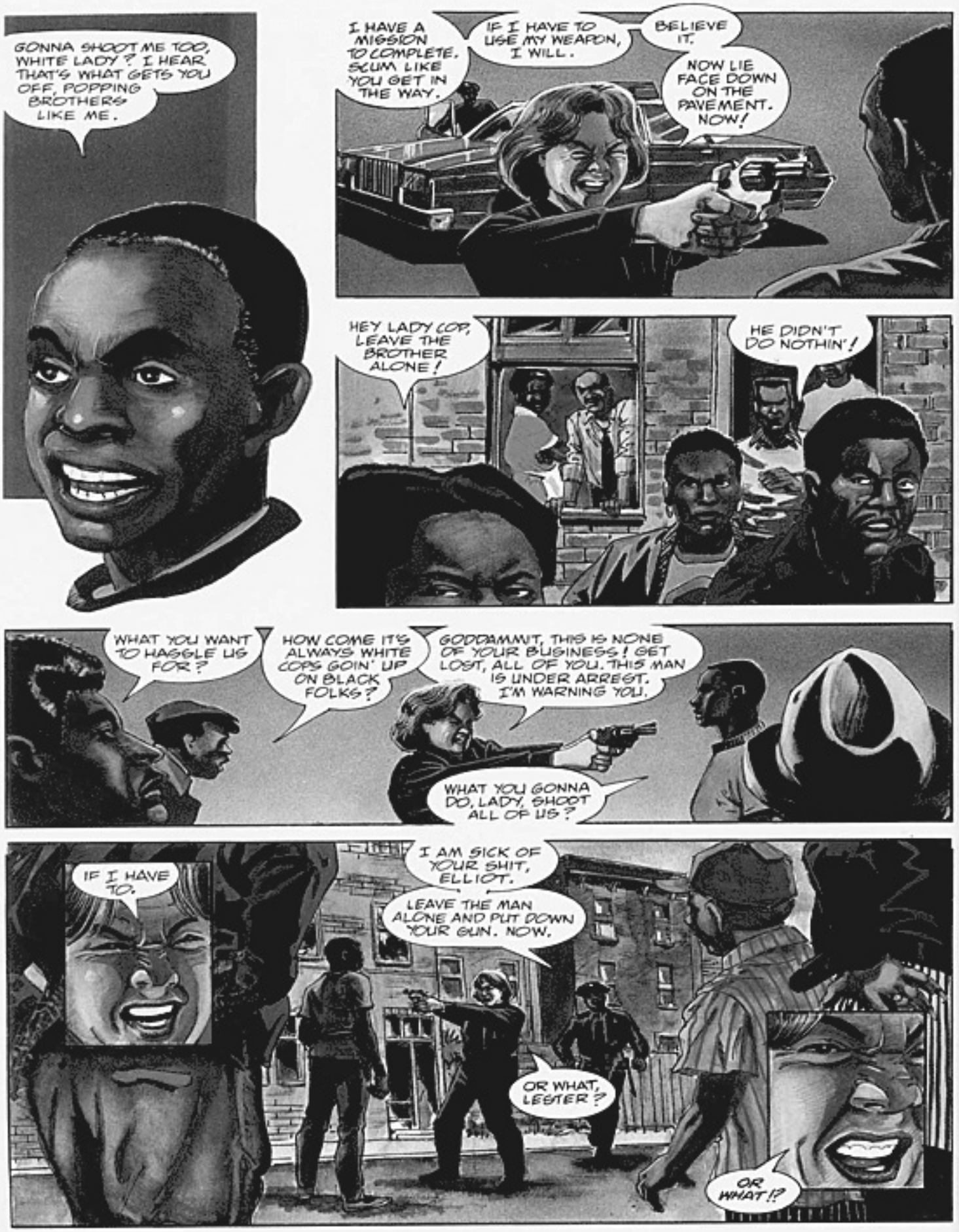
THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE PART 16

WHAT?!
WHAT DO YOU WANT NOW?
LEVIATHAN MUST NOT BE DENIED.
THE VIOLENCE, THE CHAOS, MUST NOT ESCALATE. YOU MUST STOP IT. YOU MUST BE CLEAR IN YOUR PURPOSE!
THE ONLY THING I'M CLEAR ABOUT IS WHAT I'D LIKE TO DO TO YOU, "YER HIGHNESS!"
AAAAAA!
YOU'D DO WELL TO CONSIDER MY OWN INCONVENIENCE AT BEING CALLED HERE FROM MY MISSION, ATKINS.
SEE THAT YOU REMEMBER LEVIATHAN'S WILL AS YOU PROGRESS HERE.
YOU MUST NOT ALLOW THE SITUATION TO GET OUT OF CONTROL. DO NOT COMPROMISE YOUR DUTY.
OUR NEXT ADMONITION WON'T BE SO LENIENT.
COMPROMISE THIS, YOU PIECE OF SHIT!
UH... SOME FUN, HUH, MAMICHE?
YOU AND MY BOY DAY'O BETTER STAY ON THE BALL. TOW THE LINE.
SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU DON'T EAT YOUR VEGETABLES?

AH, JEGUS, MAMICHE, CALM DOWN. YOU SHOULD'VE MOVED INTO A FRIEND'S PLACE, LIKE I DID.
OKAY, SO WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME?
THAT SATAN APPEARED AND BAITED A FEW HOOKS WITH OUR OTHERWORDLY PAL?
GOOD. PRICK DESERVES WHAT HE GETS THE WAY HE'S SCREWING THINGS UP.
WHAT, NOW? YEAH, SURE, WHY NOT? WHAT ELSE COULD GO WRONG TONIGHT? MIGHT AS WELL.
"I'LL BE RIGHT OVER."
LADY'S REALLY GETTING INTO THIS SCREWY SETUP. DEALING WITH THAT PSYCHO'S ONE THING-- BELIEVING HIS BULL IS SOMETHING ELSE!
NOTHING BETTER HAPPEN TO MY CAR...
SO WHERE'S DUDLEY DORIGHT, OUR BLUE HAIRED SAVIOR?
RIGHT HERE, HOMEBOY.
ANY OTHER SMART-ASS COMMENTS?

TOUGH DAY AT THE OFFICE?
LOOK, AT THIS POINT I'M FAIRLY SURE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME.
DON'T BE SO SURE. JUST BECAUSE I ADMIRE YOUR BALLS DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T CUT THEM OFF.
CHARMING. LISTEN, I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, BUT YOUR LITTLE STUNT AT THE WURST HOUSE THE OTHER NIGHT WENT A BIT FAR.
I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN CONTAIN THIS. IT HAS TO STOP.
I AGREE I THINK I'M NEARLY DONE.
I NEED YOU TWO TO DELIVER ONE MORE MESSAGE.
MAMICHE, CALL JILLIAN ELLIOT FOR ANOTHER MEETING WITH THE SPIRITS! DAY, YOU TELL LESTER GEORGE YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER TIP. I'LL DELIVER THE GOODS IN THE NEXT TWO DAYS.
IS THAT IT? CAN I GO?
YEAH. GO AHEAD AND CALL A CAB.
CAB?
SHIT.

I DON'T LIKE IT, ELLIOT. IT'S NEVER BEEN THIS HAIRY.
BEFORE THEY RESENTED US, NOW THEY HATE US. IT'S BAD.
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, LESTER? FRIENDLY NODS AND HANDSHAKES? WE'RE SHUTTING THEM DOWN AND THEY DON'T LIKE IT. LIVE WITH IT.
BROTHERS ARE DYING OUT THERE! WILL YOU GET OFF THIS CRUSADE KICK!? THEY HATE US BECAUSE WE'RE KILLING THEM.
"BROTHERS" LESTER? IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT? DID YOU THINK OUR MISSION WAS GOING TO BE EASY? DIDN'T YOU THINK THE FIRE WOULD SOMETIMES BURN BLACK?
KILLERS! MAN, YOU KILLING YOUR OWN KIND!
JILLIAN!
GODDAMMIT, PUT THAT WEAPON BACK!
IT'S TOO HOT FOR THAT SHIT.
JUST PUT IT AWAY!


GONNA SHOOT ME TOO, WHITE LADY? I HEAR THAT'S WHAT GETS YOU OFF, POPPING BROTHERS LIKE ME.
I HAVE A MISSION TO COMPLETE. SCUM LIKE YOU GET IN THE WAY.
IF I HAVE TO USE MY WEAPON, I WILL.
BELIEVE IT.
NOW LIE FACE DOWN ON THE PAVEMENT. NOW!
HEY LADY COP, LEAVE THE BROTHER ALONE!
HE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!
WHAT YOU WANT TO HASSLE US FOR?
HOW COME IT'S ALWAYS WHITE COPS GOIN' UP ON BLACK FOLKS?
GODDAMMIT, THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! GET LOST, ALL OF YOU. THIS MAN IS UNDER ARREST. I'M WARNING YOU.
WHAT YOU GONNA DO, LADY, SHOOT ALL OF US?
IF I HAVE TO.
I AM SICK OF YOUR SHIT, ELLIOT.
LEAVE THE MAN ALONE AND PUT DOWN YOUR GUN. NOW.
OR WHAT, LESTER?
OR WHAT!?

SO WHAT'S THE PLAN, PEOPLE? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
A SPOT POLL THIS MORNING SHOWS YOUR POPULARITY AT AN ALL TIME LOW, YOUR HONOR. AS YOUR PR FIRM WE RECOMMEND SOME KIND OF DECISIVE ACTION, QUICKLY!
SIR, THE STREETS ARE HOT RIGHT NOW. LAST NIGHT'S INCIDENT AT THE WURST HOUSE HAS TURNED UP THE TENSION.
THERE'S A POWER VACUUM IN THE GANGS BECAUSE OF THE DEATHS LAST NIGHT, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN COPS SO HATED ON THE STREET.
I REITERATE: WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?
WE TAKE IT TO THE STREETS.
WE GIVE A PRESS CONFERENCE IN THE MIDDLE OF NORTH PHILLY AND CALM THINGS DOWN. WE SHOW THEM WE'RE CONCERNED.
WE DEFUSE THE SITUATION BEFORE IT GETS OUT OF HAND. ON THEIR LEVEL. WE SHOW THEM THAT YOU'RE A MAYOR OF THE PEOPLE, AND YOU'RE NOT AFRAID TO HIT THE STREETS WHEN THINGS GET HOT.
HMM. "MAYOR OF THE PEOPLE". COULD WORK. LOUIS, CAN YOU PROVIDE SECURITY?
YER HONOR, THOSE PEOPLE OVER THERE ARE ANIMALS...
...BUT YEAH, WE CAN HANDLE IT.
OKAY. LET'S DO IT.
GET YOUR PEOPLE COORDINATED, LOUIS, AND DENNIS, LET'S MAKE SURE WE HAVE THE PR MACHINERY IN PLACE FOR THIS AFTERNOON.
CALL THE PRESS AND GIVE THEM THE DETAILS. LET'S MAKE THIS WORK.
SURE HOPE IT DOESN'T RAIN...

ZANE'S DEAD!
NUTT'S PEOPLE PUT THE KOLD RED TO HIM LAST NIGHT. WHOLE MEETING WAS A SETUP. ONLY GOOD NEWS IS THAT NUT IS OUT TOO!
WE HAVE A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE OVER NUTT'S PATCH. HIS PEOPLE COULDN'T FIND THEIR ASS WITH BOTH HANDS, SO IF WE HIT THEM NOW, IT'S OURS.
BUT WE GOT TO MOVE QUICK.
BELIEVE ME, PEOPLE, WE ARE AT--
--WAR!
ZANE IS DEAD, AND THOSE PRICKS ICED NUTT! IT'S TIME FOR PAY BACK, AND TO TAKE OVER ZANE'S TERRITORY.
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN OURS A LONG TIME AGO ANYWAY. SO LET'S MOVE WITH A PURPOSE!
HEY, BILL! YOU THINK HASSAN'S RUNNING SCARED? WHAT DO YOU THINK HE'S DOING RIGHT NOW?
TRUTH?
YEAH.
SAME THING WE ARE. THIS IS GONNA BE UGLY.

FIND THEM, M'MICHE. TELL THEM, THIS IS THE BIG ONE.
THIS IS WHERE THEY MAKE THEIR BONES. THIS IS THE END OF THE DRUG GANGS IN THIS CITY!
THE END! FIND THEM!
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH YOU DON'T WANT TO LET ME DOWN ON THIS ONE.
OH MY GOD...
PINHEADED PRICK. THIS IS GOING TO BE ONE BAD ASS DAY, EVEN FOR ME...
HASSAN AND HIS BOYS ARE IN FOR A WORLD OF HURT TODAY...
WE GONNA LOWER THE BOOM ON THOSE SUCKERS TODAY. GONNA BE BLOOD. THE KOLO RED ALL AROUND...
YOUR HONOR, IT'S GOING TO BE A GREAT DAY FOR YOU, AND FOR PHILADELPHIA...
...SURPRISING EVERYONE, FATHER ABADDON'S NEW SHOW HAS REALLY TAKEN OFF IN THE RATINGS...
HEY, MOMMA, THERE'S A BLACK COP OUT THERE WITH HIS GUN POINTING AT A WHITE COP.
IT'S A BAD DAY WHEN THAT HAPPENS, HUH, MOMMA...?

THIS IS IT, LESTER.
EITHER YOU USE IT OR I'M TAKING THIS KID IN, AND TAKING ANYBODY WHO TRIES TO STOP ME, OUT.
ELLIOT JUST PUT YOUR DAMN WEAPON DOWN AND GET BACK IN THE CAR!
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, LESTER? I'VE BEEN CHOSEN! MY WILL IS GONNA BE LAW.
NOW YOU GOTTA MAKE A CHOICE, 'BROTHER'!
THAT'S RIGHT, THAT'S WHAT I AM...
...AND I AM SICK OF YOUR KILLING AND YOUR ATTITUDE AND YOUR BULLSHIT, YOU BITCH!
YEAH!? WELL COME ON, LESTER, LET'S DO IT! LET'S GET IT ON! LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY TO SHOW YOU I CAN'T BE STOPPED!
OR DON'T YOUR JIVE BLACK ASS HAVE THE STUFF!?
DO IT, MAN!. OFF THE BITCH!
SHE'D BEEN KILLIN' US TOO LONG! TAKE HER DOWN, BROTHER!
YYYAAAHHH!!!

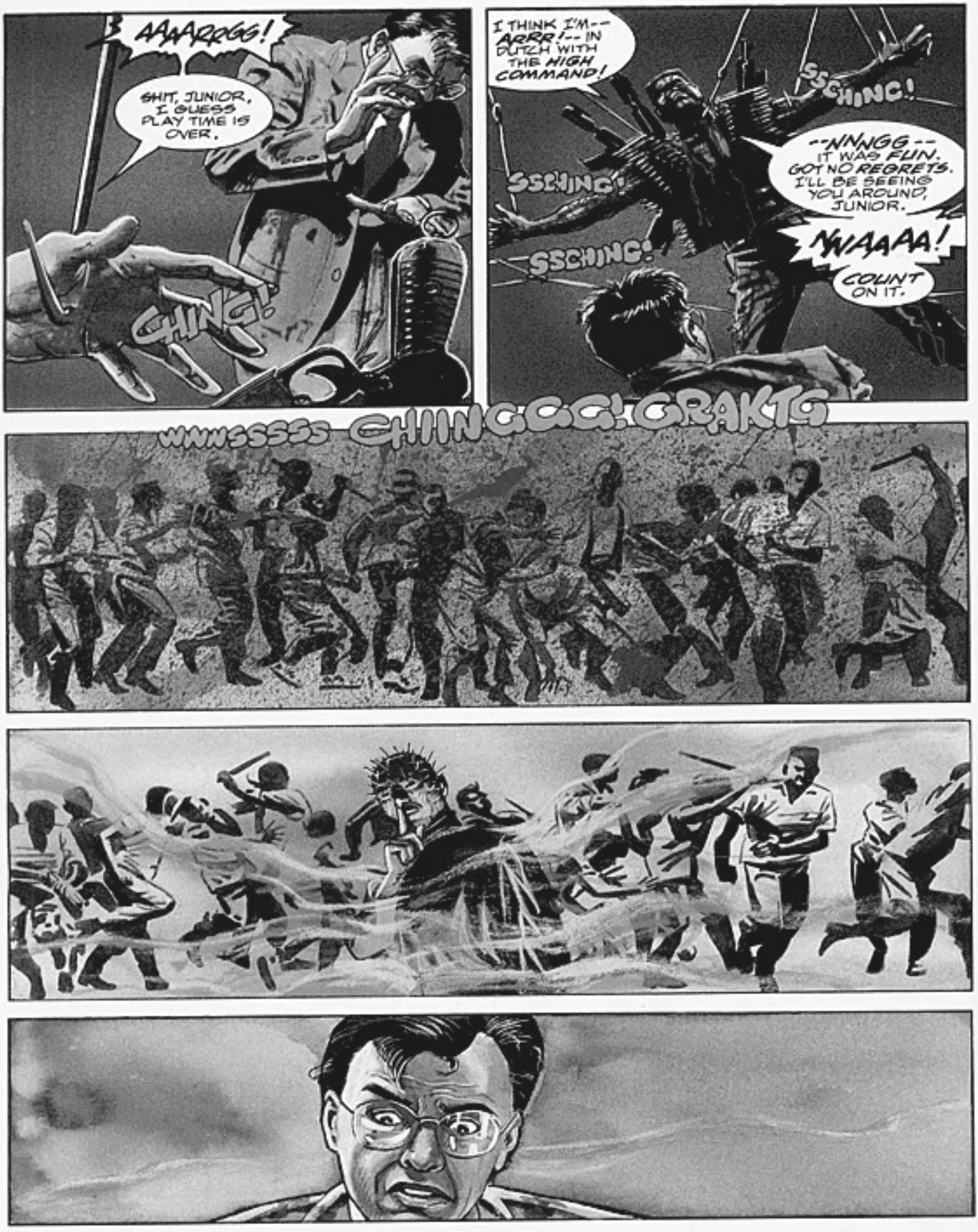
YOU SEE THAT!? YOU SEE THAT!? THE BROTHER TOOK HER OUT!
COPS KILLING COPS! BLACK KILLING WHITE!
MAYOR'S TALKIN' OVER AT TEMPLE! LET'S GO PAY HIM A VISIT!
LET'S TELL HIM WHAT WE SEEN, WHAT WE WANT! TELL HIM WE'RE SICK OF THIS RACISM SHIT, KILLIN' US LIKE WE WAS DOGS IN THE STREET!
JILLIAN...
COME ON, MAN, YOU THE ONE THAT STARTED ALL THIS! LET'S GO! YOU GOT TO LEAD US!
NO, NO...
AW, MAN, LEAVE IT. HE'S JUST A TIRED OLD MAN. WE DON'T NEED HIM. LET'S GO.
JESUS... WHAT HAVE I DONE...?

HI, HONEY, I'M HOME!
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA
BRAKKA!
HOLD ON THERE, LITTLE FRIEND. I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS.
'SPOSE YOU TELL ME WHERE THE REST OF THE GANG IS BEFORE I REACH DOWN YOUR THROAT AND SEE WHAT I CAN FISH OUT.
O-OKAY MAN, RELAX, AIN'T NOBODY HERE!
EVERYBODY'S OUT. GOING TO THE OLD DIVINE LORRAINE HOTEL TO SETTLE THINGS, WITH HASSAN.
WE'RE AT WAR.
DAMMIT. YOU SCREWUPS ARE REALLY MESSING THIS WHOLE THING!
WAR?
YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORD.

WE'RE ALMOST READY FOR YOU, YOUR HONOR. SECURITY IS IN PLACE.
GOOD. I'D HATE FOR ANYTHING TO GO WRONG WITH TODAY'S CONFERENCE.
WE'VE GOT TO RESTORE ORDER TO THE STREETS.
YES, SIR! I'LL MAKE ONE LAST CHECK NOW!
OKAY, HEADS UP OUT THERE, MAYOR'S ON HIS WAY.
ALL CLEAR 340, 341, AND 342?
340 ALL CLEAR, OVER.
341 ALL CLEAR, OVER.
342 ALL CL--
HOLEEEE SHIT.

OH JESUS, THIS IS GOING TO BE A BLOOD BATH.
THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF TALK LATELY THAT THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND. THAT IT'S DANGEROUS TO LIVE IN THIS CITY.
WELL I CAME BEFORE YOU TODAY, HERE, TO ASSURE YOU...
...THAT THESE STREETS ARE SAFE.
STOP! STOP IT, YOU IDIOTS!
MY MISSION IS TO PREVENT CHAOS! I HAVE MY ORDERS!
BLAM BLAM!
ALL RIGHT, YOU MOTHERS, DON'T LISTEN TO ME, BUT YOU JUST PISSED OFF THE WRONG GUY!!
...THE STREETS ARE SAFE...

HEY YOUR HONOR!
THANKS TO YOUR LITTLE PISSANT BURG, I'VE GOT A VERY HOT HOMECOMING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
I'D LIKE TO RETURN THE FAVOR.
YOU'RE ELECTED TO HELL!
BRAKKABRAKKABRAK
YYYAARRRGGHH!
HEY JUNIOR.
YOU COLD BLOODED PSYCHO.
I TOLD YOU I WAS ENJOYING MYSELF.
BUT DON'T THINK I DON'T HAVE A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU.
HAHAHA
I DO.
HAHAHA


AAAARRGG!
SHIT, JUNIOR, I GUESS PLAY TIME IS OVER.
CHING!
I THINK I'M-- ARRR!-- IN DUTCH WITH THE HIGH COMMAND!
SSCHING!
SSCHING!
SSCHING!
--NNNGG-- IT WAS FUN. GOT NO REGRETS. I'LL BE SEEING YOU AROUND, JUNIOR.
NYAAAA!
COUNT ON IT.
WHHSSSSS CHIINGGG! GRAKTG

WHERE IS HE?
Heh. WHO?
IS HE GONE?
HE'S GONE...
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO TELL...
HE'S GONE. WE DON'T TELL ANY-ONE ANYTHING EVER AGAIN.
WHERE'S THE MAYOR? WHAT HAPPENED?
I'M AFRAID IT'S THE KOLD RED FOR HIZZONER MEAD. AND DEARLY DE-PARTED CHIEF DeGINZA. AND D.A. AEBERT.
IT'S A HARD OL' LIFE, ISN'T IT?
WELL SHIT, KID. I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU'RE IN CHARGE.
YOU'RE THE ACTING MAYOR NOW.
I GUESS I AM.
KINDA FUNNY WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT. VERY FUNNY.
WHAT A WAY TO GET TO THE FRONT OFFICE.
"HEY MADAME MAMICHE, YOU WANT A JOB? I THINK WE'D MAKE A HELL OF A CABINET..."

THE END

AFTERWORD

What good is this book, anyway?

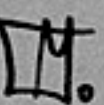
Periodically, we have to ask that question. What makes it worth your attention, your time, and your money? The answer is what gives the book its fire, and makes us at this end work all the harder to produce the best possible product for you, because we think this book is unique and very special in what good it does.

Hellraiser is a horror book. That means our main goal is to frighten you. We've an entire mythology created and overseen by Clive Barker to draw from, and a lot more than that. We have the world as it is, was, and could be. We have a chance to talk about things few other publications can discuss, albeit in a fantasy setting. The strongest horror is the one that doesn't end with the story. It lives on, after the last page. The final solution, the real solution to the horrors presented, is yours.

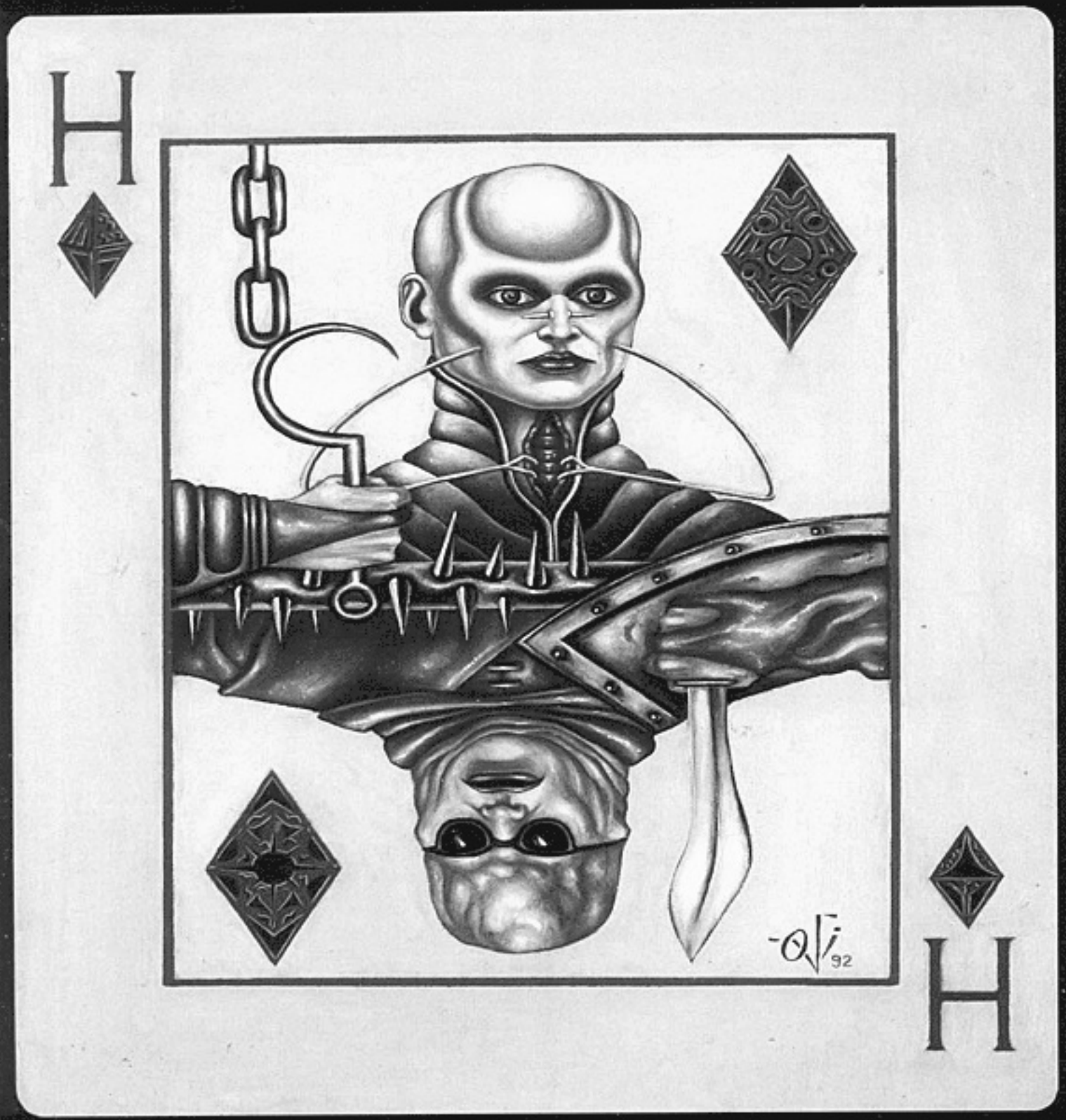
In the preceding months, you've experienced the climaxes of several of our Devil's Brigade scenarios, made more horrific, we hope, for the addition of the real world problems these mini-epics have protrayed. We've tackled the evils of Apartheid, just as the South African government has taken the first uncertain steps to end that system. We've tackled the problems of homelessness, faced head-on greatest fears of humanity; loneliness, isolation, and apathy. This issue, we've shown the divisive tension of interracial strife and the dangers of gang warfare in our inner cities, with a strong message to stop the madness. And we've a lot more in store.

If we're good, we've presented some frightening thoughts and imagery. If we're skilled, we've changed your dreams a little, and affected your waking world in a real way with our dark little amoral morality plays. If we're lucky, you'll take those ideas with you, and do some good on your own, to affect the real horrors surrounding us all.

Then we done good.



Marc McLaurin
Editor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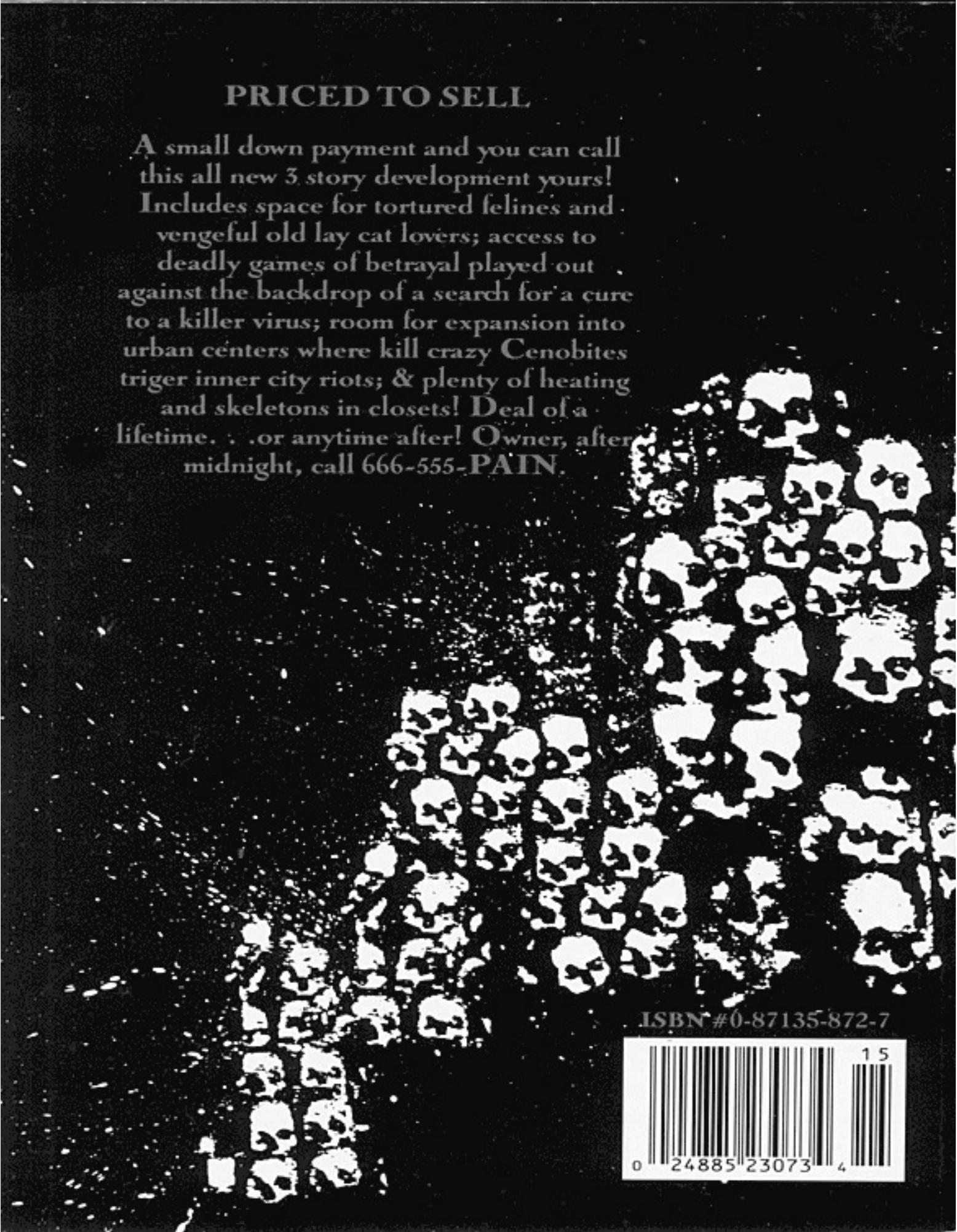

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